

The Outlines of Joyce's Perception of Social Power

Context: The Project:

Joyce's writer's project is stated at the end of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: (p.196) "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." MacDiarmid's is stated in "Glasgow:" (p. 41) "I'll call myself a poet, / And know that I am fit / When my eyes make glass of Glasgow, / And foresee the end of it!" The formulation of a life project changes through the lifetimes of most of us, but Joyce and MacDiarmid were both remarkably consistent.

Their perception of poverty is governed by the life projects of creative production these two statements evince. This paper discusses the relationship between Joyce's project, his personality and views as a whole, and his perception of poverty. A second paper will do the same for MacDiarmid. A third paper will compare Joyce and MacDiarmid in the context of other authors and of world poverty. Joyce and MacDiarmid's projects arose from how they experienced themselves in their social positions, which had some commonalities but other differences. The different meanings they attributed to poverty, which was integral to the experience of both, arose from what cause and effect relationships they attributed to poverty and its relation in their somewhat different environments, and to their conceptions of their basic projects.

Introduction: Comparative Background for Joyce and MacDiarmid:

Many readers of Joyce now hold that Joyce's basic project was stable from the time he wrote *Dubliners* until the end of his life, and that it really was the creation of a conscience for his race. MacDiarmid's project seems to have developed more slowly and amidst his involvement in more political and cultural turmoil, to have been more extraverted and more directly devoted to actual change of conditions, and therefore to have faced more contingencies. He too was concerned to develop a conscience, but not one so much concerned with evaluating personal relationships and oneself, but rather with a revolutionary conscience that would change the world beyond oneself.

Their backgrounds were different. Joyce felt himself an Irish aristocrat allowed to slide far enough down toward the bottom of a provincial urban world that he felt the battle to come back up in it there not worth the candle. MacDiarmid was born poor into a family that had always been poor townspeople and villagers but had a radical Owenite background that encouraged learning, held the conviction that labor did not connote intellectual inferiority, and believed upward mobility should be and to some extent was possible in Scotland, but not worth the cost of betraying one's peers. MacDiarmid felt himself a proletarian fighting for his people and the future and, like Joyce, felt that battle was largely to be waged against British usurpers who had enslaved a once free people by instituting and rigidifying a system of property, social class, and politics alien to them. MacDiarmid, however, was more disturbed by the British crushing of Scottish culture than Joyce was by British dominance of Irish culture. Among the reasons for this were 1) that Joyce, proud of his lineage, could trace part of it to England. 2) Southern Scottish cities, particularly Glasgow, were more industrialized than Dublin. 3) Irish culture, being more rural and less literate, did not have the previous literary grandeur the Scots could look back to in the 15th and 16th Centuries. 4) Though Irish Gaelic and Scottish Gaelic (or Gallic) are close equivalents, both the languages of the Celts conquered in sequence by the Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and Normans, Joyce had to make his basic choice between Gaelic and English because Ireland, never having had ties beyond the British, offered only essentially rural Gaelic as an alternative to English. Scotland, however, had three languages, not two; Gallic was in the same position there that Gaelic was in Ireland, but Scots also existed, and had once been a courtly and sophisticated language only in the 1700's relegated to the lower classes. MacDiarmid could resurrect Scots for his best-known work, an alternative Joyce lacked. 5) Irish nationalism was more alive, hopeful, and vociferous than the remnants of Scottish nationalism. Scottish cultural nationalism, having fallen into an imitative morass after Burns, clearly needed a great intellectual poet's help to revive and, he felt, with some justice, because of the traditional tie to France, Scots had always had always been amenable to internationalism, as Gallic and Gaelic never were. Irish cultural nationalism, in contrast, had xenophobic and defensively provincial assumptions that offended Joyce's internationalism. 6) Consequently, while Joyce sought internationalism abroad, and hoped to arouse Ireland slowly from a distance, eventually creating an Irish-English-Indo-European dialect of his own to give Ireland a new place in world culture

while making Indo-European culture more conscious of itself, MacDiarmid sought to create an indigenous internationalism within Scotland that could resist British cultural imperialism and eventually force national independence in conjunction with a wider egalitarian revolution.

The linguistic aspects of the projects of both Joyce and MacDiarmid have had genuine success. *Ulysses* is now read in all English-speaking countries; scholars in all of them have found acquiring knowledge of Dublin and Irish culture is worth the trouble to appreciate the book. The reading of *Finnegans Wake* has become a major academic industry, and the unification of Europe has broken down the earlier sense that European languages are discrete. A hundred years ago a language children were punished for speaking in school, Scots is now a viable language again, taught in Scottish schools, spoken at times on television, read in papers and magazines. Distinctions between poetry and prose have been reformulated in many ways; and a developing appreciation of referential sense through a vast extension of scientific education, and, largely through the environmental movement, a growing sense of the importance of phenomena not named accurately in conventional language, has enlarged the domain of imagination that poetry is held to inhabit.

Joyce and MacDiarmid were both linguistic revolutionaries because they felt their concerns could only be addressed if people revised their perceptions and sensibilities to include and appreciate internal (primarily Joyce) and external (primarily MacDiarmid) realities that escaped their notice. The result, combined with the work of other innovators, is a diffuse and individualized, but nevertheless influential, cultural revolution. It now has some real social power, through which it works subtly on the relationships that compose us, primarily by making us perceive and understand our relationships with ourselves and each other and the world differently, but it still lacks the political power it will only gain when new social consensus are defined in widely acceptable programs, of which there are only fleeting harbingers now. The redirection of economic power that will enable us to make our daily lives consistent with social perception and desire, though some new practices are emerging, will presumably come last. New patterns of forming and committing capital have the most permanent effects and are slowest and most difficult to change without violent revolution. Neither Joyce nor MacDiarmid had any interest in the confinements of universities. They aimed to change the world by changing the people in it. They knew this could not be done by trying to change people directly. Instead they shared the faith that people would change themselves when they enlarged their perceptions, altered their understanding to accommodate the new perceptions, then altered their goals to serve their new understanding. The poet's job is to offer a model of the mental equipment needed to do this.

Joyce in letters and conversation, and certainly in all the details of his work through *Ulysses*, and in the persona of his younger self as Stephen, insisted on his own particular individuality, but as a creator sought simultaneously to keep himself above or outside his work, to make his creative self in some sense invisible, at the same time that he objectified his younger self, and presented the work as a whole as though it were objective and unattached to him. The only personal elements in Joyce's essays were his style, which was uniquely detached, and his judgments, which, while personal, were offered ex cathedra without discussion. But meanwhile Joyce saved his correspondence and eventually allowed access to his most private letters, so that the impersonality of first impression was countered by the total saturation of his personality visible to anyone who inquired.

MacDiarmid treated his individuality quite differently. In many early poems he uses a rural Scots folk voice, one he wanted desperately to have heard, but which was clearly the voice of a persona representing only that part of himself he felt had been suppressed by his education in English. In his essays, he represents himself much more directly and completely than does Joyce, but that does not make them, of course, identical to his personal self. In essays he is always focused on particular issues, on which he brought to bear an enormous range of associations and knowledge. He was often argumentative in them. Unlike Joyce, he lived in his own country, and was a partisan in it engaged in complex and shifting relationships with many people, and he wanted each essay to have a particular effect at a particular place and time. Joyce's distance was as much social and physical as psychological. MacDiarmid was close to what he cared about. The distance in him was the distance created by extraordinary memory and intelligence, so that his responses covered far more ground than another person would have touched on. Joyce was quite unknown as a person to nearly all of his readers, so he took compensatory care to let himself become known eventually. MacDiarmid was personally known to many readers of Scots, so MacDiarmid's treatment of his personal self was a response to a very different situation. He did not want people to be injured by revelations of their letters to him or his to them, and he did not want attention distracted toward his personal life away from his positions on public issues, which he felt were far more

important than his personality. The consequence is an unusual combination: personally he was a mild, polite, often somewhat detached and thoughtful, calm, undemonstrative, but uncannily articulate, frequently kind and exceptionally generous man, but in both poetry and prose he ranges from prolix and didactic to combative and condemnatory to passionately committed to imaginatively possessed and inspired, but never detached. He treats his readers primarily as people living concurrent lives and making decisions that interact with his own, not as fellow contemplators of life. His basic relationship to his readers is political in the sense that he regards us as actors making decisions, and he wants us all to change our lives. Joyce wanted us to change our lives too, but he never asked or demanded in normally recognizable ways. Instead he said, "I've spent my entire life on my work. I expect my readers to do the same," expecting us to figure out what he was referring to by "my work."

Joyce was never didactic in his fiction, but sometimes was in essays he wrote from a sense of public duty. MacDiarmid was usually contentious and sometimes didactic in both his essays and his poetry. Joyce never appeared to treat his writing as something intended to communicate with any particular person; rather, it was presented as something to contemplate privately. MacDiarmid often mentioned and addressed individuals and groups in both his poetry and prose. Joyce never debated. MacDiarmid carried on multiple debates for decades. Joyce enjoyed obscurity. MacDiarmid often exhibited his positions as a public challenge. Joyce haunted words and made the haunt his readers. His world was internal and auditory. MacDiarmid defined words and made one define them; his world was external and visual.

Both of them syncretized their own languages, but they did it in different ways for different though related purposes. Both MacDiarmid and Joyce hated the limited perception of the world enforced by British and class snobbery. Both wanted a literature unlimited by convention, broad enough to match the world itself, instead of matching only preconceived ideas about it. But what was being matched were different aspects of the world. Joyce stretched language to match a world in time, therefore an internal world, because only available in memory and imagination. In his early and Scottish work, MacDiarmid created and recreated language to accommodate primarily rural and sometimes archaic Scottish feeling, perception, and imagination because it embodied values the British lacked. In his later and English work, MacDiarmid stretched language to match primarily a world in space, the external world, open to present inspection, but uninspected by conventional minds. Joyce and MacDiarmid shared the task of reformulating goals by challenging people's understanding of themselves and society and requiring them to alter their perceptual fields in order to accommodate new understandings and goals. But because their basic orientations toward time and space were different, the types of perceptions they offered, the types of understandings they felt were needed to make sense of those perceptions, and the types of goals they defined in human activity and relationships differed. The differences in their linguistic creativity reflect those three levels of difference.

The earlier half of MacDiarmid's linguistic creativity went into creating and recreating Scottish because he felt it should be differentiated from English as part of the revitalization of a culture the British had drowned out. In *Dubliners* and *The Portrait*, Joyce's narration is in the "purest" English, with finely modulated tone to indicate the concerns and perceptions of the characters; the basic voice is of an observer and outsider. In *Ulysses*, Joyce used a wide range of Irish English, but did not try to differentiate it from English; instead he wrote to be true to the speech of Dublin, but sometimes kept the narrator's voice in an English more exacting than that of most British writers. As he aged, Joyce sought out an Indo-European pastiche that magnified the echoes of Irish English. When young, MacDiarmid tried to do for Scottish, and sometimes for Gallic, what Joyce was invited but declined to do for Gaelic. MacDiarmid's later linguistic creativity went into extending the range of English poetry into areas dominated by science and technology and specialized bodies of knowledge.

I. The Meaning of the Impoverishment, Powerlessness, and Cultural Colonial Status of Joyce and Stephen Daedalus in the Frame of the Three Forms of Power

Stephen Daedalus' father, Simon, caused his family's poverty, as did Joyce's father, John Stanislaus Joyce. Their alcoholism, their building up of bad debts to finance dubious projects, their rambunctiousness, their self-aggrandizement, their spendthrift habits, their dishonesty in financial dealings, all brought their families down from the upper middle class to the middle class to the lower middle class, (and even into life-threatening poverty partially responsible for the deaths of several of Joyce's younger siblings.) That noted, we need not dwell on the types and degrees of identity and difference between Joyce's reality and his fiction. What Joyce wanted to say he put in his fiction, but who Joyce was he

allowed to be thoroughly visible through letters and conversation, so we can piece together Joyce's actual position and Stephen's on broad issues in tandem. Though there are many impoverished characters in Joyce's work, the one most fully revealed is Stephen Daedalus, and Stephen's poverty was unequivocally caused by his father and, in broad terms, until June 17, 1904, the day after *Ulysses*, Stephen disappeared into Joyce himself to be recreated by the master artist as his self-understanding and self-criticism in the literary figure of Stephen.

Stephen avoids his father, sometimes patronizes him, sometimes fights him, but does not condemn him. Stephen feels many of the people with whom his father must deal are far worse than he, and that his father has been driven by a genuine love of life and nationalist convictions into the entanglements into which he has fallen, taking his family with him. But Stephen is nevertheless somehow assured of his father's respect and love for him, and tries to work around the rest, though he knows his father is not a viable model for his own desire to encounter life fully. Consequently his dominant attitude toward poverty is that it is a matter of individual responsibility, but that it is not blameworthy by and in itself.

Stephen himself is both poor and a spendthrift. He has no apology for either. He feels himself the heir of a great tradition shared by his father though not exemplified by him. That his father shares that tradition and recognizes Stephen as its true heir, that is sufficient justification for the sense of entitlement they share. For Stephen the sense of entitlement does not depend on income. It depends on a particular combination of perceptiveness, candor, depth of feeling, spiritedness, imaginativeness, and integrity in moment-to-moment choice of actions and consciousness of oneself and others. Broader than an ethic, anti-institutional unlike a religion, less legalistic than a code, it is an ethos, but one imagined through other individuals and embodied in himself, better than in his father, and not shared by contemporaries, almost all of whom offend or misconceive it in various ways he identifies and points out in the process of his self-definition.

Stephen's own poverty does not shame or embarrass him. He feels no responsibility for it and has too genuine and empathic an appreciation of others to merely blame it on his father, easy as that is to do. Instead he bears poverty lightly. His poverty is oppressive and conspicuous, but he feels it is essentially an accident revealing nothing about him, not condemning him, his real self, to anything, but requiring him to witness the lives of the poor, including deaths in his family he's powerless to prevent. He relies on the aristocracy of his lineage, which he finds consistent with his own brilliance. His continual preoccupation is his search for a way out of the quandaries of his country. He feels entitled to wealth, but does not feel he needs it, nor is he particularly conscious of others' need of it, though he's keenly aware that they need their health and desire education and worthwhile activity. To him prudence is not a virtue, so he does not think he should change his pattern of action to obtain wealth. Instead, wealth should come to him because he himself is valuable, and it is the fault of others if they fail to recognize this, or fail to provide for him in recognition of it.

He is a spendthrift because wealth should serve life, not life the accumulation of wealth. If he takes a loan, his attitude is that the loan is given him in recognition of his worthiness, that the recognition is correct, and that the creditor is less entitled than Stephen to the money because less true to life. Stephen does not intend not to give the money back; he does not take the loan in bad faith; but he does not think repayment has any priority over his own and others' needs and his own celebration of life.

Stephen does not appear to ask whether money should go to those who most need it or to those who most deserve it in many of the available senses of having labored for it, having done some good, or having some conventional title. The core of this attitude is aristocratic, not bourgeois. The fate of Francis Bacon illuminates the point. In 1621, when Bacon accepted money from Lady Coke, who came to the Lord High Chancellor for a judgment, he did not regard the money as a bribe because he clearly said the money would have no effect on his judgment, and in fact it did not; he ruled against her. He claimed the money was his due because he felt he was a great man and had to have sufficient funds to live as a great man, which meant living in splendor and having largesse at his disposal. Parliament, however, showed that it no longer accepted aristocratic norms by ruling that the offer of the money was a bribe, that its acceptance was the acceptance of a bribe, and that Bacon had failed deliver. To Bacon this charge was an outrageous miscarriage of justice because it was an offense to his integrity. He regarded his judgment against Coke as proof that he had not accepted a bribe and Lady Coke's claim that she had offered one as proof of her deceit. He regarded Parliament's acceptance of Lady Coke's claim as self-contradiction: Parliament, to him, was so low that it was willing to accept Lady Coke's claim though she had to confess she had offered a bribe in order to make the claim. So much for the plaintiff's coming to court with "clean hands." After James was unable to persuade Parliament of Bacon's innocence, however, Bacon felt deep humiliation.

This moment of change in Bacon's attitude marked, for him, his own transition from acceptance of aristocratic norms to acceptance of bourgeois norms, or at least his inability to maintain aristocratic norms in the face of their new power. The affair was a major step on the way to the creation of the new ethos Cromwell and Milton shortly afterwards came to exemplify, and it corresponded to the decline of Anglicanism and Catholicism at that moment relative to Puritanism and Calvinism. Bacon himself, in his humiliation, sought refuge in religiosity and practical scientific experimentation, the first because he hoped that the theological basis he thought the norms of monarchy and aristocracy had had was more permanent than the aristocratic norms he felt much have misled him, the second because he felt himself undeserving of aristocracy, and fit only to do such manual work as he associated with the middle class.

Stephen's Dublin, however, had not gone through this transition because Puritanism, Calvinism, and their spiritualization of bourgeois norms had only reached Ulster through primarily Scottish emigration. The upper class tradition of Dublin is still Catholic, and was then still more tied to that of the landed aristocracy than to bourgeois entrepreneurship. The landed aristocracy to not monetize or liquefy their wealth, which exists primarily in real estate, in the possession of particular things often held to be unique, and in their power as landlords over their tenants, as political actors over the citizenry, and as communicants privileged in their access to the higher echelons of the church. In the feudal world of aristocracy, the three forms of power, economic, political, and social, are therefore more closely tied than they are in the bourgeois world, where economic power can be relatively independent of the other two forms. Consequently the feudal aristocrat is able to conceive of his influence with others as a relation he has because of his relation to life of his bailiwick and to life as a whole. This is the attitude Simon and Stephen exhibit.

Edmond Wilson remarked that Joyce was at bottom wholly bourgeois because he cared what people called him. He shrank from being addressed as "Jim." This was certainly not a working class attitude, as Wilson correctly perceived. But Richard Ellmann also pointed out correctly that Wilson's attribution to Joyce of bourgeois sentiment was also wrong. Joyce, said Ellmann, "simply" didn't want to "rub elbows." Ellmann, eager to "excuse" Joyce, also misperceived the issue because he put greater weight upon Joyce's socialism than Joyce's manner and way of life justified. The fact was that Joyce was both a socialist and an aristocrat, and the two fit together and conflicted in a particular way. His reluctance to "rub elbows" was aristocratic, not bourgeois. And his socialism was anarcho-socialism, which he felt left room for him, with his aristocratic belief in art, literature necessarily being an elite activity because it is focused and exacting, that yet makes claim on and responds to the whole of life in what can be an egalitarian sense. Joyce's conception of himself drew on a prior aristocratic identification neither he nor his father John Stanislaus ever relinquished. That aristocratic sense was peculiarly Irish, not British. The Irish aristocracy was not imperialistic as the British aristocracy was. It felt itself home-grown and Celtic, allied to the British, but on supposed terms of equality, and distinguished by Catholicism and by a tradition of closeness to the life of others, involvement in their concerns, and knowledgeable about them. Joyce's supreme talent at story-telling came from his father's embodiment of this tradition. Its aristocratic nature inhered in its assumption of the right to know every detail of people's dealings with each other; for such an aristocrat, because society lives on and affects his property, the world is to an open book of accounts; intellectualized into the realm of theological philosophy, he can read "the signatures of all things." With Stephen, this right was reinforced by the duty he imagined in his adolescence he would have, of hearing in the confessional the secret sins of all communicants. In Stephen's family, aristocratic norms of political power came through his father's family, while the religious norms of social power came from his mother, and there was no source of competing economic norms, the lack of which precipitated the family's tragedy but laid the foundation of Joyce's impregnable will never to be morally intimidated or to bow to apparent necessity. The prerogatives and assumptions of art were therefore a fusion of the basic elements of his family's construction of the world, and faced little internal opposition. The juncture of the two traditions entitled him in imagination to examine every detail of people's inner and outer lives. Both traditions devalue money, so for the same reason Joyce felt contempt toward money, he saw no necessary conflict between the sensibility that aristocracy and theology had created him and the socialism he also perceived as a rebellion against the bourgeois sensibility and its regimented rule by monetized exchange. He felt he could suffuse socialism with culture and let the life of working people suffuse culture through him. He could and he did. This was an accomplishment that could not have come from the British aristocracy, with its rigid tradition of condescension to the hoi polloi; nor could it have come from the bourgeoisie. It is understandable the both Wilson and Ellmann misidentified the character of Joyce's aristocratic reserve, a

reserve that seemed peculiar because it maintained an image of formal distance in public but nevertheless perceived, allowed, and desired intimacies and candor in privacy.¹

One peculiarity of this attitude is that its sense of entitlement does not depend upon having money. Aristocrats can become poor by several means. Crops can fail. Peasants can die of disease. Complications of inheritance can stop cash flows. Debts can overwhelm present resources. Politics and war can drain liquifiable resources. Such contingencies, in the feudal system, together with the assumption that wealth was in real estate and that real estate was permanent because it was bound by wills, led to the practice that merchants, with their lower status, had to tolerate the debts of aristocrats. This was the tradition to which Stephen and Simon believed themselves to be the heirs, and they expected others to assent to it to some degree. Their expectation was often disastrous. They lacked land. There was supposed to be some in Cork, but it was not productive, and it disappeared under a mountain of debt.

Stephen, nevertheless, would not accommodate himself to the marketplace. He refused to give in to the reality of the middle class world. That reality put money first. Simon had first tried to escape that reality by putting all his hopes in politics. If only Parnell had lived, the Irish state, he believed, would have freed itself of the British, and had it done so, he would have had a secure position because he was utterly faithful to Parnell. Stephen grew up with this conviction. His basic sense of entitlement was political, but it rested in a political world that had partly ceased to exist and had partly failed to materialize. As his family fell further into poverty, it became clear that this political source of his family's sense of entitlement was overwhelmed by an economic impoverishment that could not support it.

At this juncture Stephen turned to the church. With neither political nor economic support, and the power they provide, he believed that the social power of the church could support him, if only he were earnest enough to master its norms by scholarship while submitting to its authority by humility. It was the last source of power left to him, but a paradoxical, and, in practice, a hypocritical source, because it required and rewarded both pride and humility. The Jesuits were proud of their learning and acuity, but enforced the appearance of humility and obedience. Stephen was far more whole-hearted than other prospective priests, as well as brighter, and the Jesuits recognized both of these elements. But both were too much for them, as they were for Stephen. Stephen's sense of his sinfulness was so deep and imaginative that he could not be dealt with either honestly or dishonestly without revealing the relative shallowness and complacency of the Order. Stephen's intelligence was so sharp that what he perceived in himself also enabled him to perceive the actual characters and spiritual states of his superiors. The church, which attempts to give the appearance of surviving on social power alone, can only maintain its hierarchy by regimenting general consent to its order. The people in it have to appear to believe that all the people above them are holier than they and that those below them are less holy; only then does the chain of command work properly, so that the necessary impression is conveyed to communicants that this is in fact true. If this appearance of order fails, the power of the church fails. That is the vulnerability of the attempt to purify social power, and effort the church has repeatedly renewed, despite conspicuous and catastrophic failures, for 2,000 years.

¹ This is a combination visible elsewhere. I know a Jat from Rajasthan, with similar reserve, also from an aristocratic family that had lost its money but maintained its prestige and some of its relative political power. As an acquaintance he is cold and distant, but as a friend his candor has no limits. His reserve is a result of his knowledge that few people will reciprocate his candor, and that a hail-fellow-well-met attitude will result not only in shallowness but also, perhaps, in betrayal. The Kennedy family, from the same aristocratic and religious traditions as Joyce, manage the distinction between the public and the private in the same way. Talented families accustomed to power often behave so because they will not sacrifice their personal lives and sensibilities to the needs and demands of outsiders, yet they also refuse to give up the control of their image they need to maintain dominance outside. The bourgeois public self is less formal, but the lack of formality is partly a concession to the need for greater contact with the outside world. The bourgeois private self is less candid because it lacks political and social power to protect itself from hostility. Aristocrats regard the bourgeois as shallow and avoid making personal friends with them because the bourgeois have less distance between their public and private selves. Consequently there is often more commonality between the private perceptions of aristocrats and public expression of the working class than between either and the public or private perceptions and expressions of the middle class, but it is in the interests of aristocrats to conceal this fact. Joyce, in his work, did not conceal it. He shared the manners, but not the interests, of his class.

Stephen knew he could only stay in the church by becoming a hypocrite. Some of the Jesuits knew it too. Stephen was too honest to continue his efforts at spiritual conformity.

This, however, left him with a sense of entitlement, but no support for it whatsoever. Political entitlement, economic entitlement, and social entitlement had each failed in sequence. He then had the choice between relinquishing some of his sense of entitlement by becoming “realistic” in some way, that is, by accepting some element of others’ view of him, and of creating an individual route to some new kind of legitimate entitlement. He chose the latter.

What would have been involved in other options, that is, in accommodating himself to social reality by accepting some element of others’ view of his relative power and position? First, he was penniless. He could have devoted himself to working for money. He would have had to have stopped being a “gracehoper” and become an “ont.” He would have had to concede in some way, “Yes, rule by the provision of things is just. Let me and everyone else have only what we can get by making and trading, though we know that nearly all of those who do that do so only under the orders of others, and not of their own free will, and that what they make and what happens to what they make depends on this and on the preferences and powers and those who buy. Nevertheless, this is basically just. Somehow people get what they deserve and deserve what they get.” He rejected this position, the position normally taken by the great bulk of the middle class in the modern capitalist world of developed countries, often by those in the lower and upper class as well, and increasingly by the growing middle class of the rest of the world.

Second, he was politically powerless. A hundred years ago the basic split in Dublin was between the people who worked for the Castle and demanded loyalty to Britain and the people whom they spied upon and killed, who wanted independence and isolation to develop a Celtic way of life. Joyce could have gained some political power or security by joining either camp. Joining the first camp, however, would have required becoming a traitor to the cause of his father and family and, he felt, to the best interests of Ireland. He would have had to say, “Empire is good. The strong should rule the weak by whatever means necessary. The strong are strong because they are worthy and competent, and their rule is better than the rule of the people themselves.” He did not believe this and refused to take such a position. He could have joined Sinn Fein. Then he would have had to say, “Being Irish is better than being anything else, and our problems are due to our failure to become as completely Irish as we once were. We must relearn Gaelic and stop using English, and turn ourselves into what we could have become had the rest of the world never interfered with us.” This he refused to say because history was a nightmare from which he was trying to awake, and he had no desire to return to anything previous, largely because he was far more accurately aware of history than his contemporaries in Sinn Fein. He was also more accurately aware of modernity than they were, and saw cultural movement in several parts of Europe that offered the hope of freedom from bondage. Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Flaubert offered types of liberation the Irish Independence movement didn’t consider. Consequently Joyce saw both the pro-British and the pro-Irish as reactionaries. So he would not sacrifice himself to gain power or security from either.

Third, he had little prestige, esteem, recognition, fame, or even respect. He could have acquired some through the church. But to do so he would have had to accept a position in the church hierarchy. He would have had to say, “The real issue of life is salvation, which is more important than life itself. The true order of the world is not economic or political, but the order we will have in heaven, which is mirrored in the church. Sin is grievous not because it injures others, but because it injures souls and offends God. People are not truly injured by others, nor fulfilled with others, but are only injured by themselves, and only fulfilled by God.” Such a position, while adequate to insulate the church hierarchy from the appearance of impingement by the economic and political orders, was in fact an abdication of morality to both. The church abdicated one primary sphere of morality to its destitution in the marketplace, workshop, and fields by proclaiming poverty good and both labor and the overseeing and use of labor as un sinful, thereby justifying death, cruelty, suffering, and exploitation. The church abdicated its responsibilities in another primary sphere, the political, by asserting with Paul, not Jesus, that all “properly constituted” authority was just, necessary, blessed by God, and must be obeyed to avoid sin. It thereby approved war, cruelty, many forms of slavery, and respected both force and servility instead of integrity.

There was another route to a modicum of social power, that is, to some respect and influence, in Dublin, through intellectuality. But it was barred by figures like Mr. Deasy in the insular academic world and the newspapers in the more public world. The academics recognized neither imagination nor social reality. Imagination was supposed to be unsuitable for academia because it was supposed to be arbitrary and personal. Social reality was supposed to be academically negligible because it was supposed to be rude, prosaic, and accidental. Academia consequently confined itself to the study of approved books and

production of imitations of them. This was supposed to be elite knowledge because it was supposed to be the activity of an elite that proved its character by its ability to overlook present reality, or to treat it with bemused contempt rather than trying to comprehend and illuminate it. While the world of reclusive intellectuals offered security, it rewarded neither curiosity nor candor, nor, in fact, intelligence. And it actively discouraged comprehension of both the political and economic realms.

The more public intellectual world of newspapers was not markedly better. Though it privately valued perspicacity, irreverence, and eloquence, and tolerated some accurate perception of economic and political activity, it did not allow the forthright presentation of complex issues for public debate. Public debate had to be muted and follow well-worn channels. It could not offend the church, the state, or the rich, though the writers themselves were free to express to each other a wide variety of dissenting views on each. Consequently the social life of reporters, columnists, and editors became a game in which they together composed pieces acceptable for publication that were credible to none of the writers. Because they were basically honest people who were there because they had rejected the more confining lives available in other sectors, they had become cynics because, though believing in the milieu and the materials of their work, they did not believe in its product, and they knew that the product was misused by the public to ignore reality and by the powerful to gain their ends.

Concluding that the normal progress of a life in Dublin involved compromises unacceptable to him by any of the three basic means of gaining power or security—the economic, the political, and the social—Joyce chose self-exile, relinquished all hope for political influence, worked on his art not for money but despite lack of remuneration, and even did little to directly court fame, but was so confident in his ability and his project that he had the patience to allow his eventual prestige grow of its own accord on the basis of his work. When as a very young man he told Yeats, “I don’t know another man with a faith like mine,” he was using “faith” in both the broadest and most forceful sense, and it was true. In making his choice of self-exile while continuing to devote himself to the problems of Ireland throughout his life, he became a prime example of the fact that it is sometimes possible for individuals to assume responsibility for their own lives in relation to the totality of their society. It was a revolutionary choice in a sense quite similar to MacDiarmid’s, and both men knew that of themselves and each other. Joyce’s version of revolution was to devote himself entirely to “forging in the smithy of his soul the conscience of his race.”

II. Joyce’s Project of Creating the Conscience of His Race

It is in this context of the available forms of power, economic, political, and social, that Stephen makes his choice for art. Art is his form of social power, his instrument to forge the conscience of his race. What is a conscience? It is a combination of the concept of consciousness and the concept of ethics, an ethical consciousness, and a conscious ethics. As a consciousness it is simultaneously a consciousness of ethics, a consciousness of the human world, and a consciousness through ethics. It has to be a consciousness of ethics because it can only exist if one is able to say ethical issue is at stake in a particular situation. It has to be a consciousness of the human world because the meanings of actions are interpersonal, and to know how one person’s actions affect another, one must know how both perceive the action. Ethics without knowledge of oneself and others is meaningless. It has to be a consciousness “through” ethics because it has to be a consciousness bearing not only the ethical meanings one attributes oneself to actions, but the meanings others intend and perceive, so it has to be an ethically colored and attuned consciousness, one that seizes on ethical issues in all their many-sided complexity. One has to actually perceive ethical qualities in events and characters, not just perceive them in the abstract (perception “of” ethics.)

Why must he “forge” a conscience? Because his race has none. It *thinks* it has one, but it is wrong. It thinks it has a religious conscience. But it doesn’t use it. It doesn’t use it because it can’t. It can’t because it is focused on the wrong problems for the wrong reasons toward the wrong ends.

The Catholic, and, for the most part, the Christian “conscience” devalues human beings. It assumes what happens to them doesn’t matter. It therefore also assumes what they do to others doesn’t matter. Neither actions nor sufferings of actions are ever really at issue. All that is at issue is one’s relationship to God. If someone suffers because of another, the first is to appeal to God for relief, but is not to react in anger or defense, and is to love and forgive the offender without either the offended or the offender having to undergo any change in their relationship that will create and guarantee the love or alter the pattern that requires forgiveness. The sufferer is to rely upon God for change in the situation, but has no hold on the offender. The offender is not responsible to the sufferer for the suffering, but is responsible

only to God because the act is held to be an offense to God, not the sufferer. God, then, is in the position of a monarch with universal, unilateral, and unimpeded powers. What people should be responsible for, God becomes responsible for. What people should have rights to expect, only God has rights to enforce. On the one hand people cannot react to their sufferings; on the other they need not take responsibility for their actions. Therefore they have no conscience.

The goal of a conscience must be to create a more fulfilling life for everyone involved in one's activities. The reason this is so is because we *do* affect each other's lives, and in more ways than we are conscious of. The problem of creating a conscience is therefore more the problem of creating consciousness of ourselves and each other than it is of creating a code or a theory. First the problems must be focused upon. When we learn to focus on the problems, we learn the reasons they are problems. When we learn the reasons for the problems, we learn what ends we must serve to ameliorate them.

The Christian church failed to create a conscience for its race because it reversed cause and effect. It placed the end first, then the reasons, then the problems. No one can develop a conscience in this order by the means the church provided. Consciousness comes first, the discovery of reasons second, the establishment of goals third. The order is not discrete; there are many feedback loops and interactions; if we are wrong in understanding one step, a problem will emerge in the frustrations of our attempts to get the next step right, so we will be thrown back to a reconsideration of some aspect of the prior step. This is intentional. Joyce knew that each reader is different, and so would encounter different problems. He wanted us to be caught by our own problems.

This is why Joyce made his work so difficult. He had created his own conscience. But he could not create ours. We have to create our own. His work is the workshop in which he created his conscience. He invites us into it. Our first task is to become conscious of what it is. He guarantees that everything in the shop is meaningful. We do our best to become conscious of his meaning, and then to become conscious of our own evaluation of his meaning, of how our own lives are part of the pattern of meanings he has established, and then of how his work reflects on the meanings we have accepted, rejected, and established ourselves. All of this is problematization. Difficulties pile up on difficulties. The clear becomes obscure, the obscure changes meaning. We get clear about one thing only to get puzzled by another. That is the nature of human reality. A riddle leads to a vista, a vista to a cave. As we work through the puzzles we work through the puzzles of everyone, including ourselves, Joyce, all his characters, and their analogues in history and around us. In this activity we acquire new consciousness.

Then we look for the reasons in the problems of all these people. The reasons are ethical; their problems are created by the valuations these characters have placed on themselves, on others, on various qualities and activities and goals. Their perceptions are shaped by these valuations, and their words and actions reflect these valuations. The problems they create for themselves and each other are the result of their valuations, but have the potential to change their valuations because the effects of and responses to their actions give them occasion to perceive others and themselves more accurately. How they perceive and respond to what they perceive gives us the opportunity to evaluate their valuations, and reflexively, to evaluate our own. In this activity we acquire new comprehension of the interplay of motives in human reality.

Finally, we are in a position to understand the goal each character seeks, the goal that Joyce seeks, the one we seek ourselves, and those that people around us seek. Now we're in a position to be conscious of what we must be conscious of to create our consciences, to understand how different valuations encounter different problems and interact in different situations, and now we have the task of evaluating goals, our own and others'. Because all activity is directed towards goals, the evaluation of goals is the actual work of the creation of conscience. It does not end. Its layers are moral perception, intellectual understanding, and judgment with a view to creating the capacity for action. It is upon our judgments that we act.

Errors in perception, usually by deletion, lead to gross and persistent errors in action. Errors in understanding, usually by failure to associate or understand cause and effect, lead to frustration. Bad choices of goals, usually by failure to consider the possibilities, lead to empty fulfillments.

Joyce's conscience is learnable. Consequently his claim to be creating the conscience of his race is credible. He can help create the conscience of any intelligent reader of English. The writers with whom he most frequently said he shared the most were Wordsworth, Tolstoy, Dante, Shelley, Ibsen, Flaubert, Shakespeare, and Blake. Each of them also sought to transform their readers' consciences, but none worked as hard on all three levels Joyce worked on. Joyce's conscience-creating project is more elaborate, structured, social, and far-reaching than that of Wordsworth, who sought to educate the sensibility, the first

layer of Joyce's three tiers, to make it capable of responding not only to words in a new way, but to nature itself. It is more obscure and internal than that of Tolstoy, who in his early work focused on the second tier, where he achieved a terrific breadth of character and plot, and in his later work on the third, where he achieved an eloquent intensity of theme. It is far more convoluted than Dante, who relied on shared convention for the first tier, simplified and schematized the second, neglecting interactions with other full characters, and dwelt on the third as though the lower two could be inferred from it. On the third tier, Joyce is much closer to Shelley than to Dante; Shelley just as intensely sought liberation, but tended to fuse the first and the third to the neglect of the second. Ibsen worked almost entirely on the second tier, but always showed the fate of characters driven by clearly perceivable third-tier goals. Flaubert and Shakespeare in this are similar, but Shakespeare hides his internality, and it is one of Stephen's main tasks in *Ulysses* to discover it. Blake, like the later Tolstoy, is concerned almost totally with the third tier, but poses issues in an internalized form more akin to Joyce than Tolstoy was in that.

III. Joyce's Goal as a Writer was to Outgrow the Limitations of his "Psychological Type" so that he could Achieve Universality.

No writer has ever been more devoted to the revelation of the unconscious, and most successful, than James Joyce. His curious success in his progress from *Ulysses* to *Finnegans Wake* was made possible but was limited by his absolute refusal to concede anything to the demands of extraversion, and his complete willingness to fuse the personal with the universal. Once his methods are understood, Joyce's total work, including his letters, must yield the most complete, honest, and intimate account of personal maturation and individuation ever committed to paper. From it we know with certainty something not otherwise known to human history, except theoretically (as in Jung²) or by religious doctrine (as in Buddhist texts.³) Homer, Vyasa, Valmiki, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Blake, Byron, Pound, Graves, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Eliot, MacDiarmid, Jones, Proust, Hesse, Tagore, Beckett, Fuentes, Williams, Zukovsky, Charles Olsen, Edward Dahlberg, Faulkner, and Canetti⁴, and others have had their own versions of the project of encompassing the world, but none have been so single-minded, succinct, and ingenious as Joyce in it. Each started their creative work as an identifiable character type in the Briggs Myers sense, that is, as highly intelligent individuals with a well developed perceptive and judgmental functions, generally as introverted intuitive⁵ feeling types, but also with some conflicting and marked capacity either for thinking or sensation. In general this initial flexibility was associated with having experienced much love in childhood, which made them open and non-judgmental toward their experience, and therefore able to consider and tolerate conflicting perspectives, and relatively unconcerned about their impact on others, the negative effects of which could not drive them into extraversion, but allowed them to keep their focus on their own experience. An artist's apprenticeship is devoted to learning the consistent

² There are evidences of it beginning from a Promethean orientation like Jung's in Sartre, Russell, Buckminster Fuller, Einstein, Marx, and Hegel, and Paul Weiss, and from a theological orientation in Kierkegaard. It seems that it is generally easier to progress from feeling to some mastery of thinking than the other way around; direct confrontation with the unconscious seems either to be more a phenomenon of the feeling than the thinking, or to be more widely reported by them. There are probably a number of factors: that the thinking are more private regarding internal experience, that the thinking project less, that the feeling identify, fuse, empathize or sympathize more, and that this has a role in bringing the unconscious to the forefront, and that the thinking are less personally flexible, having a greater urge toward self-mastery.

³ Thousands of religious texts make the claim to show the path to individuation, but extremely few give concrete individual meaning to the process; in religious traditions one is either a prophet who proclaims for everyone or has a guru in whom one confides one's individuality, attempting to at once convey it and shed it in public charismatic leadership of the faithful.

⁴ The great majority have been INFJ's taking a route somewhat different from Joyce's, neither personalizing the world nor objectifying the self nor resulting in a massive encounter with the unconscious of the totality of human experience. Joyce through *Ulysses* is a kind of fusion of Blake and Flaubert. It is hard to think that any but Tolstoy and Shakespeare may have made some original choice for sensation over intuition.

⁵ That sensory people, primarily ISFP's, undergo a similar process is obvious: composers like Beethoven, Bach, and Mozart clearly did, as did artists like Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rodin, Duchamp, Klee, and Dali.

integration of two functions so that they represent a point of view at once perceptive and judgmental; the “masterwork,” in the Medieval sense, gives certain evidence of this. As a literary career develops from that initial public evidence of basic competence, the writer either focuses more on sensation or on thinking. Those who focus more on sensation gradually cleared it of unconscious bonds sufficiently to take thinking seriously, at which point their work begins to assume comprehensiveness; those who focus more on thinking then have the problem of finding how to incorporate sensation in order to approach universality. By the time a literary artist shows some real mastery of a third function, fame is likely to come. To continue developing, the fourth, originally most suppressed function, has to develop, which means the writer has to use all three developed functions to solicit the fourth and clear it of unconsciousness. This becomes a feat on behalf of the entire culture, (making one a “culture hero” in Joseph Campbell’s phrase) for no culture is entirely conscious of itself; normal individuals deal with their culture only with one perceptive and one judgmental function, and cannot understand or empathize with individuals in the culture who use contrary functions. We therefore normally have something to learn from anyone who has three clear functions, and we are all astounded by anyone who can portray and use all four. Any artist who makes serious progress on a fourth function begins to transcend individual cultures, and achieves permanence because people beginning from other languages and cultures routinely find they have something to learn from the artist. Cultures can vary drastically in sensory products, in intuitive meanings, in forms of feeling, and patterns of thinking, but an artist who has found a way to integrate three of the four in her own culture is then engaged in work that is transferable to other cultures because the work of integrating contraries, of freeing them of unconscious bonds to a fourth function, is the same work that must be done in some fashion by any person trying to become individual in any culture, that is, any person trying to get distinctly beyond the young adult stage of integrating a perceptive and a judgmental function, which forms the norm for mature functioning.

That it is possible to go even beyond this to an integration of what is generally human Joyce has proven. Because his literary career went further in this direction than anyone else’s yet has, his development provides a convenient model for such careers. Joyce’s life work was his account of his self-education in the broadest sense imaginable: that is, the integration of his sense of himself and the entirety of his sense, feeling, and conception of the world.

All evidence indicates that Joyce was a prodigy, a extremely intuitive child cherished by both parents (though both had some limitations) who developed internal feeling early enough to write competent verse by the age of eight. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* shows his persona, the young Stephen Daedalus, as an introverted intuitive feeling perceptive type attempting to sacrifice sensation, rational thought, and the capacity independently to assess others and his own actions to the demands of a religious career, the conventional career for intuitive feeling people in Ireland at the time, then refusing to do so in the interests of honesty, independence, and fulfillment in life. This was the choice of an Apollonian personality not to be confined to type, and he originally makes it relying on his strengthening capacity to use feeling judgment in his assessment of social situations as well as himself. In reality his primary way of implementing that choice was to fall in love with Nora Barnacle, who was quite different from himself, but his earliest writing remained Apollonian. Joyce was proud of his ability to write with some originality on aesthetics, but independent thinking judgment was not his strong point, for he relied almost wholly on Aristotle and Aquinas; rather it was his ability to attempt it that, with his openness to sensation, convinced him he should not be confined by the church.

The *Portrait* retrospectively gives the essentials of this account of the development of his sensibility in suggestive detail refined for the sake of mood, for the character he is portraying is a child developing into an introverted intuitive feeling perceptive young man most remarkable because of his astonishing capacity for further growth, which at the conclusion of the book he acutely and accurately sensed and clearly stated. The first chapter portrays the early childhood development of his intuitive capacities emerging out of the matrix of sensation, then his emotional withdrawal into introversion in the face of the emotional chaos of his family and his own visual and physical, hence general sensory weakness, and concludes with his first act of self-assertion, which makes him aware that despite his introversion he has cause for self-confidence, so it need not become crippling. He is then an INXX with growing self-confidence. In the second chapter he discovers his social acuity, the strength of his memory, his intelligence, so his self-confidence grows, and concludes when he allows himself his first sexual experience. The third chapter develops the result of the conflict between his sexual experience and his religious idealism and the efforts at self-discipline it requires, concluding with the spiritual crisis in which he discovers the power of his internal feeling; at the conclusion he is an INFP who appears to others fitted for a religious profession, but relieved at the

conclusion of the trauma religiosity has inflicted on him, and beginning to sense privately that he loves life more than the church and God. The fourth chapter recounts his search for an alternative to the religious life, which he finds in a vision of beauty that unites his intuitive desire for perfection of meaning, his desire for love, and the growth of his weak sensory capacity; the hint of Dionysianism in the last scene and his introverted Apollonian imaginativeness converge on a conception of freedom and openness and its intimation of the possibility of the intimacy so lacking in Irish life. The chapter's conclusion confirms his desire for growth beyond type limitations; he now knows that he wants to become at least a three-dimensional being, and is beginning to sense what he told Yeats a few years later: "I have never met another man with a faith like mine." In the fifth and final chapter he discovers the missing element he needs: the capacity for thinking analysis, for artifice, which he realizes he is capable of because he can develop an aesthetic theory. The book concludes with his personal formula for his completing his maturation and accomplishing his individuation in his unique work:

She [Mother] prays now, she says, that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels. Amen. So be it. Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race. April 27. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

From his subsequent work, which records his further development, we know he kept his promises, and that the internal numinous imago of the old artificer answered his prayer to teach him to think. In *Dubliners* he completed the development of his feeling judgment, (that is, the creation of his own conscience, "what the heart is and what it feels," the completion of the maturational work he owes his mother, ("Amen. So be it," the decision of feeling judgment, which Joyce is willing to make on the basis of his knowledge of the genuineness of his mother's love, but which he distinguished from her attachment to the institutional rules of the church, so that he later refused her dying plea to pray) for as an INFP he had presented himself to the world solely as an intuitive, not as a man with feeling, though he'd discovered it seethed within him in Chapter 3.) In *Ulysses* he completed the work of mastering visual, auditory, and internal sensory detail, (that is, the reality of experience) under the aegis of intuition (that is, the soul) and structured by thinking judgment, (that is, the work of Daedalus, the old artificer, working at the Promethean forge, whom he has imaginatively substituted for his own alcoholic ESFP father, who knew the heart, but was too irresponsible to be able to convey it to his son, who therefore chose an imaginary (numinous) polar opposite INTJ father⁶.) *Ulysses* represented simultaneously the completion of his individuating self-analysis and his

⁶ John Wyse Jackson and Peter Costello in *John Stanislaus Joyce*, (London: Fourth Estate, 1997) their biography of Joyce's father, make quite clear the injustice Joyce did to his father in substituting the image of Daedalus, and later Thoth, for him. Joyce's father was an extraordinary raconteur, a man of much wit and feeling, a phrase maker, and a perceiver and constructor of sequences and plots, and man whose integrity lay in his lifelong loyalty to Parnell against all opposition, though he was otherwise a liar, abusive of his wife and children, an irresponsible alcoholic whose life was littered with bad debts and narrow escapes from dunning agents. John Stanislaus clearly loved and respected James and was deeply hurt by James' avoidance of him. And James was clearly indebted to his father for a large portion of his art, many of the incidents of his writing coming from his father's stories and much of the perceptive wit, phraseology, and characterization, none of which James attributed to his father, instead attributing all of that to his auditory interiority and the figures of his unconscious. Joyce's written voice was actually his father's, distanced, and put in perspective by his vast intuitive intelligence and structured by the self-taught thinking he attributed in his dissociated way to the old artificer. This schizoid dissociation, which Oliver St. John Gogarty (Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*) made so much of, was the basis of the manipulateness James' younger brother, Stanislaus, complained of in *My Brother's Keeper*, (London: Faber, 1958), Joyce's most alienating Apollonian behavior. By *Ulysses* Joyce's conception of father displacement had changed the structure it had in the *Portrait*; Joyce has kept the policy of making the Joyce family the Daedalus family in honor of the imaginary forebear whom he feels has alone made his work possible, but Stephen is seeking Bloom, not the old artificer; this is Joyce's acknowledgement that imagination is not enough, as he had portrayed the situation in the *Portrait*. There has to be some genuine human contact with one's opposite for maturation to proceed, a fact the younger Stephen could not admit because he was too preoccupied with avoiding his real father, whose Dionysianism overwhelmed his capacity to function independently. Bloom is more mellow than John Stanislaus Joyce or Simon Daedalus, and able to accept Stephen as a momentary replacement for Rudy, whereas John Stanislaus had so many children he gave up on supporting them, letting several of them die.

objectification of Dublin, the two together being the completion of his encounters with the reality of experience and his forging of the uncreated conscience of his race in the smithy of his soul. *Finnegans Wake*, finally, is the confrontation between the conscience he has completed forging and what Jung calls the collective unconscious, that is, the totality of human experience as Joyce made it available to himself.

The sequence of Joyce's productions confirm the accuracy of this reading of the pattern of his work and its relationship to the growth of his personality. *Chamber Music*, the best poetry he produced in his youth, was still a pure work of intuitive feeling, its sensory elements confined to its music, its imagery being bent entirely to the production of mood, its thought and realism weak. It belongs to the moment of the end of Chapter 4 of the *Portrait*: it is the work of an INFP desiring to perfect his art and to grow. It's competent lyric poetry for the time, but special only in its consistency, other moods, such as the feeling judgmental satire at which he always excelled, being carefully excluded and put in other poems. It is a "masterwork" in the traditional sense: it showed that Joyce was a competent poet, but would have been forgotten had he not progressed. As a poet Joyce could not unify himself: at that point his abilities were split between intuitive feeling and feeling judgment, and it was apparent to him that the basis of the split was Ireland's cultural rejection of thinking and sensation, largely because of its domination by London and Rome. So at the time he chose his career and rejected both church and state, thinking and sensation existed only as tangible potentials for him that offered him the prospect of becoming unique if he could clarify his attitudes towards himself and others in the light of what he felt himself able to learn.

Dubliners contains Joyce's first memorable work, some of the finest short stories ever written, but finer in their control of feeling, meaning, and detail than plot. It is the beginning of Joyce's effort to integrate realistic sensory detail into his scheme of intuitive feeling. The *Portrait* objectifies the childhood Joyce had first tried to describe in *Stephen Hero*, which he abandoned because of its egocentricity though it was a readable and insightful bildungsroman, as good as many that have been written. In the *Portrait* Joyce begins the work of transcending himself by tracing his intuitive feeling self to its sources in particular events: it is the product of Joyce's work of self-psychoanalysis, accomplished with ironic distance and structured by careful thought. The *Portrait* is Joyce's first extended unique accomplishment; it's uniqueness lies in his attitude toward his former self. The trouble Joyce went through in the self-analysis he needed to write the book is quite visible in his letters, brilliantly analyzed by Richard Ellmann; for many years Joyce had to demand total honesty of himself and allow himself considerable regression in order to become capable of completing the *Portrait* and beginning *Ulysses*.

Had Joyce stopped developing with the *Portrait*, however, he would now be regarded as a competent writer of his period well worth reading for historical interest, but not as great. In *Ulysses* Joyce became great. In it he completed the work that Jung calls individuation: he mastered sensory detail in a way that had never before been done, presenting each sensory item, of the type he had learned to evaluate in *Dubliners* in a context that gave it intuitive meaning suffused both with his original feeling judgment and ordered by the thinking judgment he had freed in the process moving from *Stephen Hero* through *Dubliners* and the *Portrait*. *Ulysses* celebrates the meeting of the introverted intuitive feeling Stephen Daedalus with his contrary, the extraverted sensory thinking Leopold Bloom; Stephen realizes his contrary is not hostile to him, but is, in a sense, the father he has been seeking, and their relationship is the indication that Stephen is capable of becoming a unified man, that he can understand the world as it is to others, not only as it is to himself, and that therefore he can communicate to people in general. The clarity of perception of different ways of being in the world is like Dostoevsky's in *The Brothers Karamazov*; it is that order of work, the order of the greatest novels, epic poems, and sets of plays, the works called "masterpieces" in the current conventional sense. The work most comparable to *Ulysses* is *The Remembrance of Things Past*.

Nothing, however, is as comparable to *Finnegans Wake*, which appears to be entirely new in human history. There have been other efforts in that direction: Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, Pound's *Cantos*, MacDiarmid's and Beckett's later works, Olsen's *Maximus*, but Joyce goes by far the furthest. In the *Wake* Joyce assumes the complete mastery of sensory detail he had developed in *Ulysses* and fuses his entire knowledge of history with his personal vision of the world. Personality is not eliminated in such a work, as Eliot may be read to imply it must be, with his basic assertion that poetry is the work of a strong personality overcoming itself. Rather, the strength of Joyce's introverted intuitive feeling personality, with the fearfulness tending toward paranoia and superstition that dictated the original choices of function, suffuses everything; it is introverted intuitive feeling judgment that creates the astonishing fusion of qualities of events and personalities that forms the text of the book, thinking judgment forming its structure, and sensory feeling its mood and music. Presumably this would always be the case: the original personality can never disappear as it integrates new functions, because only the original core is

capable of doing the integrating. The secondary judgment function, originally a disturbance in the primary one, remains subordinate to the primary, and the secondary perceptive function, suppressed in childhood, is regained through the struggle of the contrary judgment functions to accommodate themselves to the perceptions the dominant perceptive form had tried to suppress. Therefore, when the “collective unconscious,” that is, those universal features of human experience that everyone tries to suppress in order to accommodate themselves to living in a niche of a particular culture, with the demands of compensatory, condign, and conditioned power that require choice of dominant perceptive and discriminatory functions in order to function, is finally assimilated, it must happen under the aegis of a particular personality, and so must assume inimitable form, not some common form. This is what underlies the paradoxes of statements of the process of individuation so noticeable, for instance, in Zen Buddhism: one becomes more individual and more generic at the same time.

IV. The Place of Poverty in Joyce’s Conscience

For other characters in Joyce’s work, poverty is not what it is for Stephen. Not possessed of a mission like Stephen’s, they do not bear it lightly, and for many characters, it appears to determine their fates. That reveals a first rule of Joyce’s universe. What matters to people is meaning, so it is not the fact of poverty that itself oppresses, but the meaning that is attributed to it. The human world cannot be understood except through subjectivity because all meanings are meanings *to* someone in particular, relative to that person’s goals, understanding, and means of perception. The task of understanding the world is therefore the task of the development of intersubjectivity, which develops from simultaneously 1) increasing the depth of one’s own subjectivity by following one’s own processing of meaning into issues one’s sensibility wishes to avoid, 2) increasing one’s objectivity towards oneself by understanding how others perceive one, and 3) empathizing with the subjectivity of others, including their subjectivity towards themselves. If the highest goal of life is to create meaning, then the primary issue of poverty is how it can prevent one from achieving that goal.

There are no portrayals of poverty in Joyce as stark as some of those in Steven Crane, George Orwell, Charles Dickens, Tillie Olsen, Knut Hamsen, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin, Ishmael Reed, Maya Angelou, or Rohinton Mistry, each of whom sometimes examine the verge of absolute poverty, that condition in which over 80% of one’s expenditures must go to food alone. In such destitution people often seem to give up self-awareness because there is no reward for it, to focus wholly on the tangible because scarcity is so overwhelming one cannot afford to overlook any good available, to believe no one because if anyone had kept a promise to oneself, one would not have entered that condition, either to act with violent emotion because there is nothing to lose or, worse, to recede into apathy because there no longer appears to be anything to gain. Joyce’s characters do not enter into that state, though some of them know of it. Stephen himself does. And Bloom does. But outside Finnegans Wake, where such poverty blends in allusively with hundreds of other themes, the condition itself does not appear openly; it is only glimpsed, imagined, and remembered.

In most of the now developed world, in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, absolute poverty existed either in relative isolation from the rest of society, as it was in some rural areas, or only in direct relationship to severe relative poverty, as in slums and ghettos, where it was a state visible to the relatively poor, from which they sought shelter in temporary work, and which was hidden from outsiders. It was rarely visible to casual observers engaged in their other pursuits. Absolute poverty visible to the middle class has primarily been a phenomenon of poorer countries. Since literature is normally written by members of the middle and upper classes who have the leisure for education and the pursuit of their own goals, absolute poverty appears in the Western world’s literature either in travelogues or in the writings of authors whose lives have, for some reason, undergone considerable trauma, or by authors who were members of a severely oppressed minority group, primarily Blacks in the US. In only a few cases, as in James Agee’s Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, some of the writings of the Muckrakers such as Upton Sinclair, and in the writings of some Leftist authors like John Steinbeck, is the knowledge of absolute poverty intentional.

But in Joyce’s work through Ulysses there is much in the range of severe relative poverty that Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, O’Henry, Gissing, Godwin, and Shaw sometimes examine, and that writers on absolute poverty also often examine. In that range poverty is usually intolerable socially. People feel they cannot present themselves in public because they have no proper clothes, that they cannot speak for themselves because their speech is not acceptable, that they depend on others totally, that they have no recourse but to accept violence against themselves and their families, and that often they must allow

themselves to be exploited because the only other short-term option is some situation that could result in death for oneself or a family member, usually as the consequence of a descent into absolute poverty. Among such constraints, the normal response is to shorten one's sense of time, to deal only with the present, to objectify oneself in common relationships in order not to risk losing awareness of how more powerful persons see one, to seek merely subjective freedom in drugs and alcohol, to seek imaginary power and imaginary security, yet to avoid risk tenaciously because the pit of absolute poverty beckons, but if risk appears to be unavoidable, to plunge into it recklessly out of the belief that only by exerting one's full energy is there any hope of survival. This is the range of poverty Joyce examines for its psychological, cultural, social, and political, meanings. The next paper will examine the weighting and relationships of these elements to economic impoverishment in *Dubliners* and the *Portrait* in preparation for an examination of their meanings in the later works as Joyce increased the variety of his voices. Then the comparison with MacDiarmid can begin.

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